

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and
Character in Religion

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Editorial

Daily the bending skies solicit man,
The seasons chariot him from this exile,
The rainbow hours bedeck his glowing
chair,
The storm-winds urge the heavy weeks
along,
Suns haste to set, that so remoter lights
Beckon the wanderer to his vaster home.
—Emerson.

**

LOVERS of Emerson and believers in the doctrine of evolution will doubtless take much pleasure in reading Rev. E. M. Wheelock's presentation of the religion of nature, which appears in our Church-Door Pulpit under the title of "The Long Climb of Man." We hope that all

will read it, for here, in a style strongly suggestive of Emerson, we have the truest religious thought of the last decade of this scientific age presented to us in the language of Emerson.

**

THERE is one feature in *The Church News*—the religious monthly which Dr. Shutter's church is publishing for the benefit of the Minneapolis Liberals—which always commands our admiration, and that is the form of the sermon. In these days of superabundant reading matter even an unusually strong sermon runs great risk of being passed over by the busy man—so many pages of solid reading matter look rather formidable. But one is pretty sure to read one of Dr. Shutter's sermons because the points stand out so clearly that you can get the outline of the sermon almost as easily as you can read the title. The heads and sub-heads stand out so that "he who runs may read," and this simple use of Roman and Arabic numerals, assisted by a liberal use of italics, enables one to get the outline of the sermon in two minutes. In preparing sermons for publication ministers would do much to gain a hearing for themselves by attending to such an apparently simple matter as this. We are aware, however, that it is by no means as simple as it looks, particularly when the line of thought is a close one and the address is originally written out in extenso.

**

JUST now there is another of the periodical spasms of anxiety about the name and being of God in Congressional circles, and Massachusetts leads the would-be pious campaign. Senator Frye and Representative Morse have introduced resolutions looking towards the introduction of God into the Constitution of the United States. These people would like to make of us a Christian nation by an act of Congress; legislate piety into our people. Granting for argument's sake that there is cause for

this religious nervousness, the remedy proposed is childish. What imbecility of spirit is that that would undertake to stay the throne of the Eternal by a preamble! Chemistry cannot be made theistic by inscribing on the laboratory walls, "In God we trust," nor can astronomy be made devout by engraving a hymn upon the tube of the telescope. A pious creed does not necessarily make a pious church. The word "God" in the Constitution, or a Christian amendment to the same, will not change the prayerless hearts in the nation. The Government cannot be made theistic upon the adoption of a resolution by godless Senators and the approval of the same perhaps by a profane President. Let Massachusetts lead in some better way.

**

A GOOD-SIZED hall capable of seating five hundred people almost filled by men and women, young, middle-aged and old, and a patient musical genius on the platform at the piano or on his feet before a small blackboard—wherever he is, always active, and stimulating by his strong personality—this you may see any Friday night at Hull House. Mr. William L. Tomlins, the director of the Chicago Apollo Club, issued an announcement that he would direct from December to April a choral class especially for the working people. The news went rapidly through the poorer parts of Chicago—it was announced in the Trade and Labor Assembly, and now there are enrolled between five and six hundred members, who for twenty-five cents can have the chance of singing simple uplifting music every week. For the most part these are working men and women who have known little or no music. All that the good director assumes is a willingness on their part to attempt to sing, and the results so far go to prove the success of the plans. It is interesting to speak of the success of Mr. Tomlins' work in connection with

the latest word from Mr. B. J. Lang: "Presupposing willingness on the part of an individual who has received nothing from music, I believe that he can acquire enough of it greatly to enrich and beautify his life."

WE publish in another column further words from the bereaved parish at St. Paul. In the face of much that is artificial, conventional and sometimes something worse in the way of bitterness and unfair dealing between church and pastors in these days, it is also well to remember that there is nothing more tender, pure and helpful in modern society than the relation which often exists between a true man in the pulpit and the aspiring souls in the pews. The world offers to-day no freer, larger, more inspiring opportunity for a man or woman rightly qualified in head and heart than the opportunity of the Liberal pulpit, a church committed only to excellence, pledged to progress. Such a relation Mr. Crothers has sustained to the Unity Church of St. Paul, and the breaking of these home ties is pathetic, albeit they are broken by mutual consent and in the obvious interests of the cause for which they have both labored. In going to Cambridge Mr. Crothers goes to a large and important work. In leaving St. Paul he leaves a work scarcely less important. But we gladly give him leave of absence. Some years ago Father Alcott prophesied that the Mississippi Valley would have to send missionaries to Massachusetts inside of twenty-five years. If Mr. Crothers can consecrate the progress, simplicity and democracy, the wealth, culture and piety represented by Harvard College, he will indeed discharge a high, prophetic mission. We congratulate Cambridge, and congratulate also St. Paul that it has been given them to train a man for so important a field, and that it is now their opportunity to show that they have been worthy the ministrations of such a man, by living up to his standard when he is gone.

RABBI VOORSANGER preached at Palo Alto on Sunday not long since. Among his hearers was a student who had always shown great reluctance in church attendance, but had been persuaded to go on this occasion. As the congregation left the chapel he was heard to exclaim, "Golly, boys, I believe I am a Jew."—*Pacific Unitarian*.

The Reproach of "Breadth."

The *Spectator* for January 20th contains a smart article entitled "The Affectation of 'Breadth,'" in which in clever English it pokes fun at the Parliament of Religions, calling it a "sort of success of a bizarre idea." It seems to be pleased with the fact that "the Anglican Church, with its usual perfect decorum and good sense, stood silently aloof." It is not worth while to correct misrepresentation of facts in the article, still less is it worth while to try to answer the genteel cynicism of this representative of a type of culture to which enthusiasm is a *prima facie* evidence of vulgarity, and a hope for better things is taken as a reflection upon the culture of the victim of such hope. This writer assumes that the breadth manifested in Chicago last September was an "affectation," and under the guise of this assumption, unconsciously perhaps, makes an argument for stupidity, dogmatism and conservatism on the score that solid men, the true guardians of morals and religion, are generally found on the narrower side of all questions.

We will not stoop to defend the sincerity nor yet the intellectual integrity of those who entered into the spiritual life of the Parliament and who contributed to its intellectual strength; but it may be well in this connection to note the too common assumption, even among progressive people this side of London, that breadth is liable to carry with it a connotation of shallowness, that it is too frequently secured at the cost of profundity or of efficiency. Figures of speech are dangerous to profound thinking always; never more so than when terms of physics are called in to interpret metaphysical realities. So this identification of breadth with shallowness shows the tyranny of the shallow-pond figure. It is a pure assumption not justified by philosophy nor by history. The truth is that the ocean is deeper than the pond, as it is broader. The wide rivers are in the main deep rivers. Even the marsh, the favorite figure of shallowness, is profound in its deep-reaching moisture, its fertile soil and the abundant life it sustains. A broad thought cannot be broad unless it is deep as well. A great thought is cubical. It does strike out on long and inclusive lines because it has

first struck down deep below the superficial distinctions, surface differences, transient barriers. It is a pure assumption that narrowness or bigotry or dogmatism find their roots in deep thought, still less in deep motives. The great thinkers of the world have all been open to the charge of breadth and have been suspected consequently, in their day, of being superficial, or at least being vague, and consequently impotent. Witness the contemporary estimate of Channing, Frederick Robertson, and Emerson. Witness further the corrective estimate of these men by subsequent observers. It is now recognized that these men held broad ideas because they had done deep thinking; their sympathies were wide because their thoughts were deep. The Parliament of Religions, which this representative of English culture, the *Spectator*, so jauntily disposes of as an indication of the "pulpiness of the modern brain," was anything but the result of superficial thinking or of a surface sensation. The distinctions and the antagonisms of centuries were opposed to it. The suspicions and the interests of the great organizations concerned were against it, but science, art, commerce, and letters had bored down through these strata and reached the subterranean spring that bespoke hidden connection, concealed communications. They have been intimating a common life underlying and permeating these differences, and so the Parliament was a reality.

Now that the Parliament is over with, there are those who were willing to believe in seventeen days of a Parliament but distrust the potency of the ideal for three hundred and sixty-five days in the year. They were willing to approve and rejoice in this one passing demonstration of breadth, but distrust its potency as a working principle. They like a Parliament of Religions for the world, but do not know about it for the town in which they live or for the country they would organize in the interest of a better life.

UNITY has of late been a trial to some of its friends, who are afraid that it is becoming enamored of "bigness," too impatient with denominational and sectarian narrowness. In other words, they were afraid of *breadth*; fear it will paralyze something already vital, and disenchant something already enchanting. It is

well that we should ever inquire into the reality of our pretensions. Hypocrisy is debilitating. If there is an "affectation of breadth," rather than breadth, it is to be deplored, dreaded, condemned, and will surely come to naught. Time will test and ultimately defeat all sham. Meanwhile it cannot be too clearly urged that wide forces are necessarily deep forces. Large plans are never in danger of being too large, but ever in danger of suffering at the hands of friends who are not large enough to trust them and to follow them to their logical conclusions.

Universalists, Reform Jews, Ethical Culture movements, Independent movements and Unitarians have boasted much of their liberality. But now, when asked to accept the logic of their own position and work together for the upbuilding of society, some are apprehensive lest their own vitality may suffer by a fuller application of their own principles. It is the old distrust of breadth. They are willing to be broad, but within "working limits;" which means, the safe limits of their own traditional names and denominational lines. But the profound things in their names and in their movements, the deep things in their respective messages, have been the universal things, the things they hold in common. When this common life is honestly recognized, and they try to work together, not apart, in every possible way, then they will demonstrate that *breadth is depth*, that openness is possible only to the profound, and that "big thoughts" are "holy thoughts" because they hold all smaller thoughts in their sacred embrace. The divine life is measureless. Let not the pond presume on the shallowness of the ocean, nor the babbling brook prate about the impotency of the silent Mississippi. Give us breadth and we will find that we have depth also. The great mind demands a great heart, and the great heart is impossible without great thoughts to feed it. The world is not yet in danger of suffering from too much breadth either in individual hearts or in co-operative organizations. Let no one be sneered out of his passion for Bigness. The immeasurable God sustains the immeasurable ideal.

DENMARK allows every subject, male or female, who is sixty years of age, a small pension.

The Consolation of Truth.

Liberalism is accused of coldness. It is said to be a religion without consolation. It can have, it is affirmed, no comfort for the heart crushed with sorrow.

On the other hand the old faith teaches a God of compassion, who walks forever over the world and never crushes a flower or a poor human heart. God, it is said, has a human side, and his tenderness and pity are revealed in Jesus, in whom he incarnates Himself. How many sorrowful millions have been consoled by this thought, and have laid their weary heads upon the divine consolation, as upon the softest pillow.

The old faith comes with its consolation to the bereaved. It affirms that our dear ones are alive and happy—that the babe which slips off mother's bosom slips on to God's. It tells its sorrowing mother that she need not go a mourning pilgrim around the earth, that her child is in the arms of the tender Savior—that he who said "Suffer the little children to come unto me," enfolds in his loving arms the loved and lost.

How many sorrowing mothers have constructed of these promises a ladder going up, with steps of light, from earth to heaven!

But we of the new faith cannot affirm the anthropomorphic God, a being who sympathizes like a mother with every sorrow that tears the human heart. For how can we teach a consolation that does not exist, and which, in the end, men will find to be only a delusion? But we do teach the purifying mission of sorrow, that the one who has bravely borne a personal sorrow becomes by reason of this experience a savior to others. It is by conflict, struggle, pain, that the human soul comes to crystalline purity. It is not simply the consolation of comfort that we need. We need the consolation of strength, of courage, so that we may stand up under our burden, and become the stronger thereby. "Every man shall bear his own burden," is the declaration of a great law. If in the hour of our sorrow a hand can touch ours, or a sympathetic heart be laid upon our own, it is well. But better still if we learn to bear our sorrow cheerfully and bravely, seeking to know its meaning, and find its lesson. The stern consolation of truth is in the end the real consolation.

To the bereaved we of the new faith cannot promise immortality—the personal continuance of our dear ones gone in another life. But we can show that death is a benignity as well as a necessity. Death could not come into the world because of the fault of the first man, but has always followed the footsteps of life. And to the thoughtful death is seen to be as beautiful and natural as life. Nor does death destroy all. Thought, beauty, affection survive the great change. The best in the dead lives in the living. In the hearts of the living are enshrined the memory, the virtues, the courage, the goodness of the dead. Was there ever a little babe that lingered for a moment on the breast of the mother but left something deathless behind it? We know that our beloved ones are beyond regret or pain, and it is our duty and joy to cultivate in ourselves the thoughts and deeds that made them lovable and strong. To look earnestly and truthfully at death, while it does not take away its pain, certainly gives us the greatest, the truest consolation. It is the consolation of the truth.

J. G. T.

Men and Things

PROFESSOR HUXLEY replies pointedly to his critics in the preface of the fifth volume of his collected essays just published. After denying that he had gone out of his way to attack the Bible, or that he harbors any hatred of Christianity, he says of his scientific career: "I had set out on a journey with no other purpose than of exploring certain provinces of natural knowledge. I strayed no hair's breadth from the course which it was my right and duty to pursue, and yet I found that whatever route I took before long I came to a tall, formidable-looking fence. Confident as I have been in the existence of an ancient and indefeasible right of way, before me stood a thorny barrier with a notice-board of 'No thoroughfare, by order of Moses.' There seemed no way over, nor did the prospect of creeping around, as I saw some do, attract me, the only alternatives were either to give up the journey, which I was not minded to do, or break down the fence and go through it. One point became perfectly clear to me—namely: that Moses is not responsible for nine tenths of the Pentateuch: certainly not for the legends which have been made bugbears in science. In fact, the fence turned out to be a mere heap of dry sticks and brushwood, and one might walk through it with impunity, which I did."—*Religio-Philosophical Journal*.

"DAH ain't eny doubt," remarked Uncle Eben, on his way home from church, "dat we am all sinners. But some ob us sut'n'y does hustle ter keep up dey're reppytation in dat line."—*Washington Star*.

Contributed and Selected

"We Weep with Thee."

Dear Lord, when on these bitter, wintry nights,
Thy houseless, hungry, suffering poor we see,

Touched by a love and pity like to thine,
We weep o'er them with thee.

We hear the orphan's cry, the widow's moan,
The strong man's groan of bitter agony,
Who hears his shivering children cry for bread:

We weep o'er them with thee.

No close-drawn shades, no sounds of household mirth,

Can drown the tones that, like the moaning sea,

Sound in our ears: "Oh, help us, Lord, to help
And succor them for thee."

Though sin and folly all too oft have brought
Their wayward feet to such dread misery,
A deeper pity stirs our hearts, and still
We weep with them for thee.

Thou, who didst weep over Jerusalem,
Whose love the thief, the leper tenderly
Forgave and healed—we, too, dear Lord,
forgive,

And weep for them with thee.

And, 'mid our tears, we know this joy divine:
To feel that our heart's pain and sympathy
And sorrow for thy weak and suffering poor
Make us at one with thee.

Oh, never, while thy children suffer need;
Never, while sin brings grief and misery,
Can hearts that love and serve thee cease to bleed,

And weep for them with thee.

And still, when come the bitter, wintry nights,
And hungry, houseless, suffering men we see,
Stirred by a love and pity, like to thine,
We weep, dear Lord, with thee.

—Helen E. Starrett, in *The Interior*.

Augury.

A horseshoe nailed, for luck, upon a mast:
That mast, wave-bleached, upon the shore
was cast;

I saw, and thence no fetich I revered,
But safe through tempest to my haven steered.

The place with rose and myrtle was o'ergrown,
Yet Feud and Sorrow held it for their own.
A garden then I sowed without one fear—
Sowed fennel, yet lived griefless all the year.

Brave lines, long life, did my friend's hand
display,

Not so mine own: yet mine is quick to-day.
Once more in his I read Fate's idle jest,
Then fold it down forever on his breast.

—Edith M. Thomas.

What Is It to Be Liberal?

"Faith, hope, charity, these three:
but the greatest of these is charity."

To rule out the above quotation, because the relegating of its source to the realm of the no longer-needed seems the only course to the extreme radical mind, is to distinctly overlook the truth of the statement itself. The lesson of charity seems to be the most difficult one for the human creature to learn, and the one which is latest evolved in his moral development.

"Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal." All the accomplishment, learning and

intellectual training that the human brain can sustain avails comparatively little for human good, if it is unable to perceive, and be applied to, human relations. In addition to the former, a determined cultivation of the spirit of toleration is requisite to contribute toward that broader personality, which is the ideal of to-day.

The modern spirit of freedom, due to the recent discoveries in natural phenomena, both of the laws of material substance and brain activity, does well to look beyond the intolerant dogmas of ages. It cannot content itself with old traditions and the say-so of intellects which had not the problems of our day to deal with. It must see and realize for itself whatever of truth it can find for the seeking. This attitude has given rise to a spirit of breadth and comprehensiveness, which contrasted with hard and fast traditional lines, is termed liberalism.

The liberal mind is supposed to be emancipated from the ignorant superstitions of ages. This liberal attitude is due to the enlightenments of historic research, the light thrown on life by scientific discovery, the dawning of intellectual perception and the tendency to question and reason. Such an attitude is in a further stage of development, including as it does, a greater collection of data on which to form its judgments. It knows the old, it also knows the new. It has evolved out of the old, into the new. From the new standpoint the outlook is incomprehensibly broadened. The mind is expanded by the added activity with which the brain finds itself in contact. Such added comprehension tends to give a more discriminating judgment of all human relations. More elements are perceived, and their consequent interdependence more clearly apprehended.

There is an attitude, however, called liberal, which contains some of these characteristics without others. The attitude which arises from getting away from dogma merely, and which does not go far enough to see the former in its true relation, is apt to overrate the relative significance of old tradition. This condition is one of protest and impatience against what seems inane and childish, and which loses no opportunity to scathe the old, with undue vehemence. This attitude misses the very essence of liberalism, though it passes in current language and understanding as liberal. The mind that has emerged from what it is pleased to term benighted dogma, ought to realize, from the very fact of its emergence, the necessity for tolerating that from which it has just emerged. Else it cannot be said to have emerged. It knows the old, though it prefers the new. It should see the old in its due relations to other elements of life. It understands the old, also the new, and, understanding the new, should still bear with the old.

The spirit of bigoted, narrow intolerance shown by many so-called liberals toward the old standpoint, is as petty as it is unimportant, as uncalled-for as it is discourteous. It is in no whit different from the narrow spirit of bigoted intolerance which it condemns. It should have greater tolerance, from the fact that it understands the other standpoint, while the latter does not understand it. The education of the limited view is not to be brought about by contemptuous and irate scathing. It must be supplied with the new attitude; that must be presented in an attractive manner that will not contrast unfavorably with the still-clung-to old.

This is the true spirit of liberalism,—the charity for the views of others, even when there seems to be little excuse for their ignorance; the development of the moral perception to the extent of respecting the personality, if not the opinions, of others, in themselves. The spirit of toleration is true liberalism; not the mere kicking and cutting loose from old traditions, and the assumption of a so-called higher view. With the broader view should come the broader toleration. Increased understanding should imply increased charity. It is petty and limited, as well as discourteous, to call attention to small points of issue, which have relatively little importance, in discussions during the early stages of great questions of social advancement.

Let no one misunderstand the spirit of narrow intolerance which proceeds from so-called liberalism! Let not the idea of liberalism be understood in the bigoted sense which is merely the kicking of old dogmas. Liberals are often far from liberal. They lose no opportunity to cast slurs at those points from which they have evolved. Some liberals on the other hand are over liberal. They misconceive the meaning of toleration, and submit to the undue infliction of those who have little to say, or no idea of proper relations in saying it. With a true yearning for liberal charity, which is more Christian than the conduct of many who profess that title, they believe in giving every man his say, whether it is for general advantage or not. But society as a whole cannot be made to suffer for the sake of one misguided individual having a so-called freedom. Other liberals are isolated and indifferent. Those whose environment has been such as to keep them free from the old view, and to ground them in the spirit of the new, often fail to realize the importance of using their influence in the direction of the new. They lack moral earnestness in the line of putting forth their effort whatever it is. They sit still and do nothing. There are those to whom the term liberal would not be applied because of the fact that they are not intellectually developed beyond the old faith, the servants of which show far more of

the essence and spirit of true liberalism in their moral regard and attitude towards their fellow-beings.

The just but lenient estimation of others' opinions, in cases where they are trying to the patience, is charity. It is the only basis of human activity. Lenience and forbearance are necessary at every turn, and the sooner they become the continuous mental habit the more the peace of the individual is secured. Life cannot go on without a certain amount of moral earnestness and mutual adaptability. Charity is a necessity of existence. The lack of charity is one of the moral drawbacks which wrangle society. It is not sentimentalism. It is not the attempt to keep up and help on the eternal survival of the unfit. It is not the blinking of social evils and blind ignoring of the only applicable remedy—the scientific spirit and educational influence. It is justice to the times, to self, and to others. It is the perception of the true relation which different elements bear to each other. It gives due credit to all, and does not unduly exaggerate the importance, or lack of it, of any element. We cannot afford to do without it. We cannot sustain the antagonizing attitude of others, nor our own sense of alienation. We live in society because our instincts crowd us into it. We must maintain a fair equilibrium between our tendency to individualism, and our co-operation toward the moral ideal. Society implies not merely toleration, but co-operation. Conventionality is the only safety for those untrained to recognize for themselves the mutual social obligation. The heterogeneous character of the social organism forces the observance of an external toleration which in many instances is far from being the result of their conscious intention. Enforced morality is one kind of a social safeguard. Spontaneous morality is a greater safeguard. The co-operating moral strength of its individuals constitutes the backbone of the social organism.

Thus it is that "the greatest of these is charity."

LIZZIE CHENEY-WARD.

Two plowed in a field. One plowed straight, keeping his eyes upon the ground. No weeds grew, and he gathered great stores of corn. When he died, his son inherited much land. He lived in comfort, and plowed in his father's fields. The other's furrows were not straight. At times he stopped to listen to the lark, or to admire a flower that grew upon a weed. He knew the names of the plants and their time of flowering. He knew the names of the stars, also. He died, owning no goods or lands. His son inherited his father's poverty. The son inherited also his father's love of nature. And he became a great artist, whose name and fame spread over two continents.—*Berry Benson.*

BY THE WAY.

v.

Since Horace Greeley sent young men "West," it has generally been supposed that one must go West for a "boom," if he would find one; but going East, striking the "windy" city of Buffalo, here is a "boom" in agitation and expectation that will extend the city limits twenty miles. Years ago Dr. Chapin, with a flash of indignation at the vandalism and materialism of the times, exclaimed: "The time will come when you will cut down the cedars of Lebanon to make clothes-pins, and turn Niagara Falls into a washing machine." To all intents the prophecy is being fulfilled. Niagara has been tapped, and is to do untold-of service at grinding human grists. And all the distance—twenty miles away—city lots are being marked off and "real estate" looms in the horizon of all that class of speculators who believe it their bounden duty to provide for themselves and their posterity by the "rise" that is sure to fill their pockets and vaults, if they exercise a present "foresight" and get the start of their neighbors, buying "cheap" while others are "cudgeling their dull pates" for something to do. "I have bought ten lots for a song. Ten years more I will be the owner of property valued anywhere between one and two hundred thousand. That's what I call business."

How comforting the dream! How blessed the reality—if the boom works!

Great head; and what a heart for his "posterity."

He has so fixed things by the stroke of a pen and a few dollars to boot that many fellow mortals must pay tribute to him and his "heirs forever," for the privilege of having a home on the green earth. He and his afore-said heirs have nothing to do but wait and see their earthly salvation grow.

Blessed fix—for himself and heirs! Blessed, that is—"if."

Buffalo seems hardly a city; it isn't a village. There is a sort of betwixt and between air about it, with a touch of antiquity and a touch of the modern. Very excellent people I meet, but—is it a Rip Van Winkle sleep they are waking out of? Something like it. Not exactly "in it," as regards the newer spirit of these last few years of grace; not quite caught up with the times, but putting out a good foot foremost.

I gather from the papers that the city lost its charter some time since and is striving to get it back; the big fight for it is going on at Albany. The cry is for "home rule," which is always a cry of promise.

There is a "Liberal Club" which is discussing high themes in a careful way—summoning "men of note" only to do the opening address, and appointing only for the discussion such home talent as is known to be

able at least, and probably interesting. It is, however, a "liberal" club, selecting a very wide range of topics, and listening respectfully and approvingly, it would seem, to some very surprising heresies. Recently Prof. Crawford H. Toy, of Cambridge, landed the discussion outside the historical religions, and the orthodoxy of the city was in no wise disturbed, but accepted "evolution" and the "scientific study of religion" fearlessly; "for why should we not," a clergyman of repute asked, "since we know all must end with Christ the Redeemer." Was this his way of saying all must end with truth?

The women of Buffalo are to be credited with "literary clubs" that are of real importance, if one may judge all by the quality of one. In the vicinity of Highland Park some thirty ladies meet in parlors Tuesday mornings to listen to essays on historical, biographical or political subjects. The other morning there were brief papers on Charles Sumner, Wm. H. Seward, Chief Justice Marshall and Salmon P. Chase. It lent an added charm to the estimate of Sumner to know that so enthusiastic an admirer and biographer of the great man was "born and raised" in the old Kentucky State. This lady placed Sumner foremost in the ranks of American statesman, and predicted, I believe, that his name would yet be a household word with the American people.

One seldom listens to papers with more matter or in better form. Preceding the reading there was ten minutes of "current topics," some eight or ten speakers briefly calling attention to public affairs of interest to them during the past week. It was an exceedingly interesting feature. All these ladies spoke with simplicity, directness and skill, while others, listening, plied their sewing, the whole session lasting two hours.

One cannot stay long in Buffalo without hearing of Dr. Slicer, the Unitarian preacher. Hearing him you are not surprised that he has fame as a preacher. His sermons are built up in a masterly way, adorned with apt and telling illustration, and are not without a poetry of diction that has been described as "Shakespearean."

S. H. M.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES is not usually regarded as much of a fanatic. It is as a physician that he expresses his judgment on the use of tobacco. A young man had asked him four questions, and he answered them as follows:

1. A young man of good taste and good principle may safely go to see a good actor in a good play.
2. The best three books? The Bible, Shakespeare's plays and a good dictionary, say Worcester or Webster.
3. To obtain "real success?" Real work; concentration on some useful calling adapted to his abilities.
4. Shall he smoke? Certainly not. It is liable to injure the sight, to render the nerves unsteady, to enfeeble the will, and enslave the nature to an imperious habit likely to stand in the way of duty to be performed.—*The Independent.*

The Greatness of Sympathy.

In journeying over this vast and glorious plain called Life, charmed by the wondrous medley of its crowded scenes and incidents, and weighing in Utility's exacting scales each winged and freighted moment as it flies, we spur Ambition on through human strife and din of men in their mad race for worldly place and power until in fancy we have scaled Distinction's lofty height, and won for our adorning the glittering jewel, Fame.

Exalted thus, through self-esteem, above the common lot, and by blind Fortune blest, we chase with keen delight, the dancing bubble Joy, but find, alas! such bubbles, too, will burst. Then seeing how uncertain each step we take in Life, we pause and pausing meditate. And peering through the gathering mists and gloom of days ago, we faintly see in fancy the struggling forms of men less fortunate than we, perchance to recognize amid the restless throng the time-changed face of some old bosom friend.

'Tis then, by fellow-feeling moved and with a willing heart, we lend a hand to some poor, obscure friend who, burdened with the cares of Life, has fallen by the wayside in distress. And then the rapture of not having lived for self alone brings in its wake new joys of Life we never knew before.

Our seeming sorrows fade from view, and through some wondrous change return clad in the robes of Joy!

W. G. RABY.

The Sound of a Sunbeam.

One of the most wonderful discoveries in science that have been made within the last year or two is the fact that a beam of light produces sound. A beam of sunlight is thrown through a lens on a glass vessel that contains lamp-black, colored silk or worsted, or other substances. A disk, having slits or openings cut in it, is made to revolve swiftly in this beam of light, so as to cut it up, thus making alternate flashes of light and shadow. On putting the ear to the glass vessel strange sounds are heard so long as the flashing beam is falling on the vessel. Recently a more wonderful discovery has been made. A beam of sunlight is caused to pass through a prism, so as to produce what is called the solar spectrum, or rainbow. The disk is turned, and the colored light of the rainbow is made to break through it. Now place the ear to the vessel containing the silk, wool, or other material. As the colored lights of the spectrum fall upon it sounds will be given by different parts of the spectrum, and there will be silence in other parts. For instance, if the vessel contains red worsted, and the green light flashes upon it, loud sounds will be given. Only feeble sounds will be heard if the red and

blue parts of the rainbow fall upon the vessel, and the other colors make no sound at all. Green silk gives sound best in a red light. Every kind of material gives more or less sound in different colors, and utters no sound in others.

—The Watchman.

Art's Education.

From a very interesting report of Mr. Sidney H. Morse's illustrated lecture on "The Sculptor's Art," to which the *Syracuse (N. Y.) Standard* gives a column, we extract this word of wisdom and encouragement:

The ways of doing things are more interesting than the things that get done. You may pass the finished work at a glance, but to see the worker at his work one would loiter when he should be on his way. This should be no surprise when we reflect that the thing done is seldom a complete satisfaction even to the doer. Yet in the doing of even a poor thing much good is done if one has wrought with an ideal aim. Our honest efforts are always valuable. They present certain stages of our growth, our intellectual, spiritual, or æsthetic gain. So we look forward to fuller and better expression. "When I see all England, France, and Germany has done," said Montesquieu, "I am filled with admiration; but I am not disheartened. I also am a painter in the making—why despair?" There is more to us than shows. All education is but the clearing the way for the exercise of faculties we already possess. No one trial satisfies. We are better than we do—better than we look.

"THERE are times," said the man with the oratorical manner, "when we are overwhelmed with humiliation at the powerlessness of the human mind." "That's very true," was the reply. "I am often made to feel so." "Indeed?" "Yes, I have a four-year-old daughter who asks questions."—*Washington Star*.

PRISONER—"Ten dollars for stealing a pair of shoes?" Judge—"That's what I said." "Why, Judge, they didn't fit."—*Life*.

"HOW MANY foreign languages can your wife speak?" "Three—French, German, and the one she talks to the baby."—*Tit-Bits*.

WE dwell in God as the fishes dwell in the sea.—*Sojourner Truth*.

THOU must be true thyself,
If thou the truth wouldst teach;
Thy soul must overflow, if thou
Another soul wouldst reach.
It needs the overflowing heart
To give the lips full speech.
Think truly, and thy thought
Shall the world's famine feed;
Speak truly, and thy word
Shall be a fruitful seed;
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed.

—Selected.

For Indigestion and Debility Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. S. H. MOORE, Indianapolis, Ind., says: "I have used it in my own family in cases of indigestion and general debility, with entirely satisfactory results."

The Study Table

Universal Truth as Found in the Older Eddas.

"Coming events throw their shadows before them." Not so. But they have been prepared by unseen power long before they came to happen. All things of importance which take place among us have had a road laid out before them by innumerable facts all working toward the same aim. Thus the never-broken connection between past, present and future is kept up. Thus the laws of existence act in unchangeable order. The American nation, the most free-minded, the most impartial of all, has reached to the point in the history of its evolution, where it must stand still in the midst of its practical life and listen to the voices from within. It has excelled in creating outward forms; it must make a halt and assure itself, that with its forms and contents are corresponding.

It might look to some as if all the congresses of this summer were almost too much at once, as if things were forced ahead. But it may be that those congresses were a true expression of the overwhelming desire awakening in this nation of finding itself not only as a nation achieving great things in practical life, but as a nation which has commenced life on the inheritance of centuries of civilization. And the past summer, in gathering together elements from all the world, will bring to Americans just the result which was needed.

What the Bible has been to humanity, what Homer was to the southern nations in their childhood, the old and the young Edda have been to the Teutonic nations. Our forefathers' longing for the best their soul could conceive, generations striving to reach onward step by step, is laid down in this *Cyclus* of poetry. We, their descendants, behold our own image, when we look at theirs as it is preserved in the Eddas; in the immeasurable depths of those sagas we find revealed the wisdom and love guiding the race from eternity. We who know those books take them in hands as sacred treasures, and we feel surprised—nay, we deplore it deeply—that a nation so universal in its tendency, so impartially impressed by true beauty, should remain unacquainted with such treasures.

Certainly, the old tale about the loss suffered by human kind, when under the construction of the tower of Babel all tongues were mixed, seems to come true, since the difference of language has power to withhold from our mind the access to even the greatest. Still all things will come out right, the path along which the spirit is leading mankind is the only one suitable for us. The difference of languages affords a working-field for the human spirit, which it needs. Whenever the time is ready, the day will come when "the spirit shall

fill all flesh" and the same tongue shall be spoken by all. But till then we must welcome every true translation which gives to us the ideas of our forefathers, from which our own ideas are born. During the past summer more attention than ever before was paid to the fact that it was Norsemen who first discovered America, and to the still more important fact that the character of the old Norsemen has to some degree stamped the American nation, and that the understanding of this relationship will be of mutual benefit to both Americans and Scandinavians.

Now, in true connection with the spirit of the past summer, the inheritance of the American nation, the sagas of old as written down in "The Eddas" are for the first time presented to Americans in their own language, in such a shape that they become accessible to even a non-scientific reader. From all the old Gothic sagas such facts are gathered together and given in connection with the tales of the Eddas, which present them in a fuller light. This book is intended to become a popular book, to be read in our homes, by our youths, and in our higher schools.

Miss Marie Bjerkness, daughter of the celebrated O. A. Bjerkness, professor in the University of Christiania, Norway, has just completed the translation of "The Eddas," a translation which represents four years' work. P. A. Conradi, an ardent scholar of the science of comparative religion, has written an introduction to it, which aims to guide those who are unacquainted with our forefathers' way of expressing their thoughts.

The modern scholar will in those songs find outlined the creed of all churches, the belief of all ages.

The first of all gods, Odin, the father of wisdom, sings of himself:—

I know I hung on Igrasyl's ash
Nine nights windy and long:
Wounded with spears, offered to Odin,
I offered myself to myself,
High up in that tree of which no one knows
From what roots it sprouts.

None gave me bread, nor a horn to drink,
But downward searching I saw:
Signs of Runer thus I learned—
Wailing I learned them and fell to the ground.

Nine mighty songs I learned from the son
Of famous Bolthom, Bestla's father;
A draught I drank of the minstrel-mead,
Drawn from the kettle Odore.

Then I thrived, grew mighty and wise;
Words led words to other words,
Deeds led deeds to other deeds.

This is the redeemer on the cross:
the highest truth found through the deepest suffering.

Among the wisdom speeches of
Odin is:—

Wealth will vanish, friends will die,
At last one dies himself;
But he whose name is fraught with fame
Will never die.

Another one:—

The soul* alone knows what lies near our hearts,
Alone it knows our feelings.
Nothing is worse for the high-minded man
Than not to be pleased with himself.

* Our forefathers considered man composed of body, soul and heart. "The soul is in the blood."

The temperance sentiment is not alone of to-day, for the old Edda says:—

Heavier burden no man can bear,
Than hearty beer bibbing:
For beer is not so good as said
For the sons of men.
Beer is not as good as said
For the human races.
The more one drinks the less one knows
Of his mind and senses.

Those who feel universal unity as a law for all existence, can only feel thankful at receiving this gift to Americans, and hope that it may become widely known. N. B. M.

The Magazines.

IN THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS for February the most noteworthy original article is Mr. Grant Allen's character sketch of Professor Tyndall. It is not, however, the original articles that give this unique publication its chief value, but what its name indicates, its reviews of the contents of other periodicals, its index to the contents of the periodicals of Europe and America, and, not to be overlooked, its brief notices of the books of the month. For these it is very valuable.

THE London *Humanitarian* for February contains three somewhat notable features, a feeling account of the Women's Trades Union League from the pen of Rev. Stopford Brooke, an interview with Alfred Russell Wallace on Heredity and Pre-Natal Influences, and a sketch entitled "Parallels," by Frank Thatcher, which contains an intimation of the editor's way of regarding marriage.

THE SILVER CROSS, for February, came out in a beautiful new dress, similar to that of *The Outlook*, with numerous illustrations. If we mistake not there is a marked internal improvement, as well as an external one.

UNITY takes pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of the Public Ledger Almanac for 1894, one of the most interesting features of which is the account of the admirable Drexel Institute.

The Newest Books.

All books sent to UNITY for review will be promptly acknowledged under this heading, and all that seem to be of special interest to the readers of UNITY will receive further notice. Any book mentioned, except foreign ones, may be obtained by our readers from Unity Publishing Co., 175 Dearborn street, Chicago, by forwarding price named below.

THE POLITICAL ECONOMY OF NATURAL LAW. By Henry Wood. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Cloth, 8vo, pp. 305. \$1.25.

THE SPIRIT OF GOD. By Protap Chunder Mozoomdar. Boston: Geo. H. Ellis. Cloth, 8vo, pp. 33. \$1.50.

AN APOCALYPSE OF LIFE. By W. T. Cheney. Arena Library Series, No. 25. Boston: Arena Pub. Co. 1893. Paper, 8vo, pp. 312. 50 cents.

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is that made on page—of this issue of our paper, by the great Seed House of Peter Henderson & Co., of New York, who will send Sixteen Varieties of Sweet Peas (including the famous Emily Henderson), together with their Illustrated Catalogue, at about half the regular prices. This offer is well worth reading and accepting.

Correspondence

Great Men of To-day.

EDITOR UNITY: I proposed to our club, which has just been reading "Heroes and Hero Worship," to vote on our greatest contemporaries, according to Mr. Gannett's classification, and though we extended the time to twenty years instead of ten, it is curious to note that our list agrees with the Rochester Club's list in every name except Miss Anthony's and Browning's, and Tennyson had nearly as many votes as Browning in the Rochester Club. General Booth and William Lloyd Garrison divide the honors equally as social reformer.

There were nineteen votes, and here are the winning names, with the number of votes they received:

Greatest Philosopher, Herbert Spencer.....	16
Greatest Religious Leader, Spurgeon.....	10
Greatest Skeptic, Ingersoll.....	16
Greatest Poet, Tennyson.....	14
Greatest Statesman, Gladstone....	11
Greatest Man of Letters, Lowell..	8
Greatest Man of Science, Huxley..	6
Greatest Man of Business, Gould..	12
Greatest Inventor, Edison.....	19
Greatest Social Reformer, Booth..	5
Greatest Social Reformer, Garrison.....	5

Our club members had none of them, except myself, seen the results of the Rochester Club's voting.

Oshkosh, Wis.

F. G. B.

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Church-Door Pulpit

The Long Climb of Man.*

BY REV. E. M. WHEELLOCK.

"The word became flesh."—John i. 14.

There is a story widely current that once a little Hebrew, of mean presence but splendid courage, stood on the Hill of Mars in the Hellenic city, and declared to scoffing Greeks that "God hath made of one blood all nations of men." It goes without saying that such an utterance was received with scorn by the polished Athenians, who could not conceive that their favored race, standing on the pinnacle of culture, was of the same blood as the "outer barbarians." So the sturdy "apostle of the Gentiles" found little favor with the worshipers of the "unknown God."

Yet in that day the brave avowal of Paul was scarcely more abhorrent to the proud exclusiveness of Grecian thought than are the teachings of science to-day to the belated religionist; for while the dauntless Hebrew simply declared the brotherhood of man and fatherhood of God, science to-day teaches the universal touch and clasp of all organic life, saying in vivid words that in the one loom of a common origin hath time woven all the forms of life; these forms being the sign-posts and mile-stones along the organic march of man. Star-dust, monad, fish, bird and beast are all steps in the stairway which reaches from clod to cloud and terminates in soul! The worm at our feet is climbing the transfigured mount!

Every animal has been melted in the vital crucible from which man is made. Each form he uses is a way-side inn along the upward journey of the soul. His outward shell passed through every animal and vegetable body before it took on the human appearance, as in lower nature an analogous chemistry evolves electric bodies and wings from eggs and worms. When matter became organic, man was envisaged, for his psychic nature was once enshrined in flint and platinum; when the spine appeared he was already in view. To become a self-conscious spirit the psyche must first pass through every expression of life from landscape to skyscape; from the glow-worm to the star; from the daisy to the sun; from simia to seraph; from dust to Deity! This measureless cycle is all synthesized in man, who attains self-consciousness only after a countless series of evolutions. The stone becomes a plant, the plant a beast, the beast a man, the man a spirit, the spirit a god. "I said, Ye are Gods," was the large utterance of the Hebrew seer; or, as our Emerson has it, And the poor grass will plot and plan What it will do when it is man.

Said Christna to his disciple: "Both I and thou have passed

through many births; I know of my own, but thou knowest not thine." Mineral, vegetable and animal structures, nay, atmospheres, planets and suns, are nothing else than so many means and tendencies to man on different stages of his transit. Creation is the coming and becoming of man. The world is here because there is an infinite reason for its existence; it is man at last that comes of it. The event reveals the design. Not a wind blew but sang of this wonder that should be. Not a river ran but hastened to have its water turned into the red wine of his blood, and to run again, burdened with the message of the Infinite, in his veins. He stands at the center, and feels all things as a dilation of his own being. He soars with the lark, crawls with the lizard, and shines with the gem or star. Man is nature become self-conscious, and thinking aloud. The Cosmos is annexed to him. He folds round heaven and hell with equal arms. The world is because he is. The reason of everything it contains is written in the book of human nature. The Cosmos is minimized in him. Animal forms are the fetal and infant entities of man. Begotten as we by the one life, its children as we, the Will that sent them out on the infinite sea will take care that they land on the other side—the side of self-consciousness and the ripened evolution of man.

It is the human idea that crystallizes the snowflake, veins the leaf, and paints the flower. These objects once carried our lives, and left them higher than they found them. Through all nature one glowing purpose runs—the building up of man. There is nothing in the world but the human, actual or potential. Says the Kabbala: "If man did not exist there could be no world." He is the brother of all things even as God is the father. Though the earth incessantly revolves, yet he is always at the top. Each of the various types in the mineral, plant and animal realms elaborates its mite of the vital principle; and, rising in the stately miracle of life, passes it on to a higher form. In the primal cell is purpose, aim, tendency. No atom can slip from the ligature of law. Prick the skin that is nearest, or the nebula that is farthest, and you draw the life-blood of law. Thought thinks in the atom; each molecule has a brain; each brain cell has a memory of its own; and the forces of nature are the fingers of God. All thoughts are things, and all things have thoughts. The laws of the universe are circular, and from any arc may be computed the sweep of the circumference. To explore the creation man needs no wings. Let him seat himself on the earth at his feet, and as his eyes open the whole Cosmos will swing into his sight. Time and space are the immeasurable continents, and matter the equally measureless content of creative investiture; thus all things

wait on man to serve him in his fates.

He is made of the same stuff as the oyster he eats or the corn he hoes. All the animals are on the King's highway, only at indefinite distances behind us. We are all interlinked in origin, in life, and in destiny. If man is a philosopher he is also a polyp, and many a horse is wiser than his groom. Often the dog in a man is the best part of him. The sage who would disprove his ascent from the ape, still shows in his argument the claws, tricks and tail of his noble ancestor. All creatures and all plants are on the same road. Our kindred stand at every mile-stone, and from the herded beast to Humboldt, from the saurian to Shakespeare, from the stone to the star, is but a step. The circumference of man is the universe, the center of the universe is man. He is the microcosm of the macrocosm. The dog is a barking man; the tree is a rooted man. He has cloaked himself with each astral fossil stored up in the etheric envelope of the earth.

Upon molecular life, which is the mineral; growth life, which is the vegetable; and instinctive life, which is the animal,—is founded a life of life, which is mind. The face of man thus travels through the universe, and love and intelligence look out from things with an infinite variety, according to their capacities. He cannot travel beyond himself, for the world is still within the compass of his being. The heights of Zion and the abysses of Gehenna are within him, and he is a pipe that runs with every wine. There was neither fiend nor angel in the universe till man appeared. He infolds the angel and he "plays the devil." There is no hell for man, except the hell in man, made by man. The wise man recognizes his own species wherever life is seen; this is true to the very mire. The advent of man is the universe beckoning to the atom to come up among the gods.

His eyes dismount the highest star; He is, in little, all the spheres.

Animals are plants loosened a little at the roots, while the fibers of man run down every sweet and bitter thing, from the metal to the gas, from the violet to the vine. His body rolls along with the orb, kneaded together out of her juices and her clay. He is as much harnessed to matter as fish and dog, only with a larger arc. He stands waist deep in matter, as in a swamp. He is glued to nature. He is caught, like the bedraggled fly, in the viscid fluidity of things. Both his feet branch down into roots that share the universal life with the toad and the tree. His heart beats in the slender pulsations of the jelly fish. He has worn in his evolution the whole vesture of life, a vesture woven without seam from top to bottom, stretching from pit to pinnacle, from angle-worm to angel, from

*A discourse to the Unitarian Society of Austin, Texas, reprinted from *The Southern Unitarian* by request.

sponge to spirit, from protoplasm to prophet!

Step by step, through ages measureless by time, from particle and spicule, from cell and protoplasm, from plant, polyp, and quadrumane have we scaled creation's altar stairs. In us are sun and moon, snow and mountain ranges, bud and flower. Many mothers fashion for one child, who yet, in his oneness, comprises myriads. There is nothing but is related to us, tree, sea-shell or crystal, the running river or the waving corn—the roots of all things are in man. Whatever is found as form in nature is present by form in him. The lower creation is planted permanently in man. He has distanced whatever is behind him, yet carries it all in him. He incorporates each fruit, root and grain, and is "stuccoed all over with quadrupeds and birds." In his natural degree he is the measure of the material cosmos, for he has grown from the star-fish and the chickweed, and "he has prowled, fanged and four-footed, in the woods." Just as the stone feels its way to the flower, and as the acorn out of soils and sunbeams fashions the oak, does the animated dust climb at last to the human brain, and the fluent mountains melt into man.

But slowly does the body forget its heredity. The animal is horsed on man. The old brutehood lurks in each cerebellum; it plucks from the soul her wings and leaves her all a worm. If the animal man looks at the universe at all it is through a Jewish pin-hole. The slice of beef on the rich man's table has a history that goes back to the dawn of creation, and so has the needle that sews the poor man's rags together. The pauper is brother to the prince. The life of the race circulates in each individual, and the disease of the individual is in the blood of the race. The world is in man as much as man is in the world. This truth is as far above the thought of the priesthoods as the blue sky is above the reach of one's hand, yet it is in the world, and in it stands the new time. As the Jewish hierarchy slumbered while the star-led Magi worshiped at the feet of the chosen Babe, so sleep those who now represent the ecclesiasticism of the hour. Of all classes the priest is the most stupid; he is born with the blinkers on, and speaks to men out of the windows of Noah's Ark! The Hebrew myths are to him the rim of the universe, beyond which lies the yawning gulf of perdition. Such men talk of "losing their souls!"—it might be a task first to find them. Once men were hairy folk, standing in pelts; and still in their tangle of religions the ape stands, made as a god! But why worship records, while the open Word forms daily for the open soul?

Man is the wandering Jew in whose ear the flat rings forever. "Move on!" He is the tree Igdrasyl, whose roots are in Hela, whose trunk is in the lower natures, whose fruit is passion

from the blood of instinct, and whose branches wave in the air-deeps of the world's breath. He is the Midgard serpent in whom end and beginning meet, and who hoops the whole world. He is the true Ark of Noah, in which all the lower natures are housed. He travels with a whole menagerie in his cerebellum, and in him the Creator brings all his dumb creatures under one roof. When the animals came to Adam to be named, each, as he drew near, brought to Adam a token of himself—a token which the baby-man had dropped as he passed that way long years ago.

The sap of the tree foretells his blood, and the hoof of the quadruped prefigures his hand. Every atom avows life—human life—the kingdom of God in leasts. Man has touched every spherule. The circle of his arm is the girdle of creation. His electric wires have compressed the earth until the elbows of the nations touch, and the winged heels of Mercury come tardy off beside the fleet Ariel of Edison and Bell. He is the Proteus that slips from form to form. All history lies under his hat, and he is the trustee of every past age. Religion is born from him. He makes his Deity in his own image, and from his own heart and brain are shed the Bibles of the race, as the leaves are shed from the tree. He is animated oxygen, breathing granite, living clay. He was predicted in the crystal and prefigured in the plant. Prediction grew into prophecy in reptile and bird. Prophecy rose into assurance in the ape. Assurance ripens into fulfillment in man.

"Man doth usurp all space,
Stares thee, in rock, bush, river, in the
face.

"Tis no sea thou seest in the sea,
"Tis but a disguised humanity."

Science watches the Monad through all its masks and detects through all the troops of organic forms the Eternal Unity. All feet fit into that footstep, and all things have passed that way.

Plato learned in Egypt that nature is all one piece. All her varied wardrobe is cut from the same cloth. The Unity is so unbroken that the merest gnat carries on his back the key to the universe. A drop of maple syrup and a drop of human blood have their origin in the same corpuscle. The fungus and the oak on which it grows, the animalcule and the scientist who studies it, are one. The sun has no fuel that the earth cannot duplicate. The slime pushes up into the lily; the dungheap is transformed into the grape vine; from the refuse of the sink and the sewer come the tint of the pink and the odor of the rose. Filth and fertility are the same word. So we climb the creative ladder from weed to man.

And more or less bulk signifies nothing. The orb is but an astral grain. The atom is as large as the Alp. The revolving moon and the falling apple move by the same law.

The smallest sin helps to warp the earth's axis. Infinitesimals are as huge as infinities. The world is wrapped up in the particle. The drop balances the sea. The globe is but an enlarged globule. The mite is mighty, and the sand-grain a masterpiece like the sun. In every cob-web there is room for a planet. Through the egg and the orb stream the same laws, and the blood globules in our veins dance to the same tune as asteroid and star.

If the lenses of our eyes were differently adjusted the whole universe might come within our plane of vision, and the spaces between the planets be no greater than the intervals between adjacent grains of sand. The air-bubble then becomes the star cluster, and in a glass of water behold the galaxy!

"'Tis from the world of little things
The ever-greatening cosmos wings.
The heaving earth, its rounded sphere
Began between a smile and tear."

From one minute cell another proceeds; from them others, and the result is a lily, an oak, a tadpole or a poet. The universe is one; it has no outside, and in its unity all is taken up. The energy that grouped the atoms of the sand-grain welded on the same anvil the star. God's word is written in full on every mustard seed. Ourself and all we touch is, when we look with equal eyes, "God manifest in the flesh." The law that shapes the star-mist into suns outworks the frost-forest on our window panes. A pebble is a microcosm. The molds of the stars are used in forming the rain drops, and through each cubic foot of earth shoots the axis of the globe.

"The eye reads omens where it goes,
And speaks all languages the rose;
And striving to be man, the worm
Mounts through all the spires of form."

Spirit is the great life on which matter rests as rests the ponderous globe on the free and fluid ether. Spirit impregnates matter; matter embodies spirit. Nature is the revelation of spirit in space; history the revelation of spirit in time. Spirit sleeps in the stone, grows in the plant, stirs in the animal, wakes in the man, and will work on until the present chaos and old night are taken up into the higher evolution. The mind occupies every corpuscle. Spirit precedes time and space, builds its own structure and makes its own environment. The moral sense has its beginnings in the lower animals, just as the whale has its hind legs inside the skin, and its teeth that never cut the gums.

The Psyche is present even in the lowest forms. It exists, but for want of fitting organs it is too dim for our faculties to ken, and increase in mind-force only takes place with ascent of organism. The pebble climbs to a rose, and the rose to a soul. Cosmic unity runs on the broad roadway of law through all the worlds.

Man has the planet for his pedestal. The gases gather to compose his form and the winds hold him in solution. "He knows," said Emerson, "of ox, mastodon and plant, because he has just come out of them, and part of the egg-shell still adheres. The plowman, the plow and the furrow are all of one stuff." It is true, man has traveled on the protoplasmic railroad over all chasms and up all grades from microbes to poets. Every step he takes is locked with the last and the next. The ends of the earth are brought together to be built into the temple of his body. He passes through the fingers of every herb and is enriched by each. He drinks the atmosphere with the planet dissolved in it. In the stone or plant is the Psyche first imprisoned that, later on, is to resound through history and push the nations to their goal. In every form alike the Eternal God-seed comes and goes.

The animal is without self-consciousness. He is tied hand and foot to his instincts. He cannot turn round in his track and face himself. But man's self detaches itself to look itself in the face. The animal, while he knows, does not know that he knows. He sees, but does not see that he sees. He acts, but does not react. Man alone has the faculty that looks before and after. He alone has spirituality, and lower forms are but the stuttering prophecy of that unmatched perfection. He is the goal to which all uses run; the harbor where the world's freights come to shore. God made man in his own image, and then he made the universe in the image of man. Man is conscious nature; nature is unconscious man. Her effort is to evolve her own God, who is man. The God of nature is always man. To bring her stupid deity to his senses, she cuffs and beats him as the angry fishermen of Naples do the images of their saints in stormy weather.

Our systems are charged in every fiber with the eternity behind us, and what was done a million of ages gone, when the crystal dreamed of the flower, is vital in us to-day. In us unite zoophyte and fish, mound and mammal, and we confess it in bone and function. The mouse is our fellow creature. The worms are our poor relations. Nothing walks or creeps or grows which we have not been in turn. The rock is man stratified; the plant, man vegetating; the reptile, man wriggling and squirming; to-morrow it will fly, walk or swim; the day after it will wear a necktie or bonnet. Our Psyche fits on and wears each coat in nature's wardrobe before it assumes the human incarnation. The unconscious effort and aspiration of all lower life is to reach the human organism. Never was the thought of man absent from nature. She was carrying him from the first in her bosom. He is thus a universal form from the complex of life, and the

cosmos crosses him by its lines through every nerve. The laws that hold the world in their orbits are in the mind of man. The desire for a sentient life shows itself in everything from a seed to a sun, and it is a reflection of the divine will that the universe should continue. Things that have life are alive, whether they be atoms or orbs. Every particle in nature is a life, and there is not a finger-breadth of empty space beneath the dome of the sky.

In this universe the meanest thing does not stand isolated and forlorn. The brutes are kith and kin to those who rule over them. They are the steps of our ascending pathway through nature, and each lower form proffers its torch to light up some obscure chamber in the faculties of man. The universe runs manward from its source. Scales change to feathers, gills to lungs, fins to hands, matter to force, atoms to thought, dust to mind, sap to soul. Humanity, by its principles, extends through the realms of beasts and fishes, herbs and stones, and even through the winds and fluid worlds. There is no escape anywhere from man; if we fly to the uttermost parts of the earth on wings of the morning, if we ascend into heaven or make our beds in hades, still he is there. The universe is swallowed up in him. Thought is its cradle and its grave. By man all things are spread abroad. He barks in the dog, grows in the tree, murmurs in the passing brook, and his pulse vibrates to the stupendous movement of all the starry scheme.

He is Atlas with the globe on his shoulders. He is the philosopher's stone transmuting coarse matter into creative forces. He is the king of nature, for he knows himself in the midst of a universe that does not yet know itself. All through nebulous and planetary life there was one determined upward movement until man was reached. Form after form was flung aside, one creation after another left stranded until the human appeared. From the appearance of the first and faintest organism, man was ideally present on earth, involved in the anatomical snarl. He is brother to the blossom and the tree, and with the same pigment nature paints the apple's and the maiden's cheek. From one form to another the monad has passed on. It was once encased in stone; then it crept out of its prison as a lichen or a moss. From change to change it climbed until its physical form became that of a man.

In these lengthened processes of evolution the mystic advance of man has drawn into the various lines of the organisms through which he has passed, the whole cosmos by minutenesses, till each one holds, mirrored in his structure, constituents and images of the Universal All. I, that to-day am man, was yesterday a pine; the day before I sparkled in the crystal or the

spar; before that I slept in the world-egg of stone; before that, again, I was a rapid, sparkling sprite of the ether and the day, winged but unsouled, and hungry for incarnation; for the Psyche desires birth and enfleshment, and the soul craves organism. Each form I use is but the inn where I tarry for a night; for the soul is an incurable nomad, dwelling always in tents. All things strive to ascend, and ascend by striving, so at last we work out the beast and let the tiger die. Tusks change to teeth, and the lion's paw and the jaw of the shark become the tools of culture. Evil in nature is unsubject force, not yet responsive to the human sway. But all evil is self-limited; the sands of the Sahara are held in check by the waters of the Mediterranean, and when carried too far, pain becomes its own anodyne. Evolution is the steady play of the Eternal Will through all these turning and belted worlds, and the death of Pan is his re-birth into humanity.

The primal nucleoid holds the soul seed of man—the offspring of dust and of spirit. In every type the soul-force has a corresponding material house—"to every seed its own body." The forms which he inhabits at any epoch in his organic march, are only the record of his spirit's unfoldment up to that date. A death is a birth; a corpse is a seed; a cadaver is a genesis, and every green grave is a cradle; "from form to form he maketh haste."

If God is great, He is also little. He dwells in the small man-seed by powers of fate, and weaves upon it shape on shape in being's loom. He is dim in rock, flower and bird. In human flesh he is most himself, and in human eyes we look most closely into the eyes of God. God is not a mind, but the cause of a mind; not a spirit, but the cause of a spirit; He is felt and known as the only creative life, and man as the creaturely form in which that life becomes fully expressed and glorified. Each human innermost is a gemmule of God; and over every cradle shines the "star in the east." The Creation is that God the One may become God the Many. Man stands in the doorway of the planet; God can enter nature only through him. He unbinds himself in man and gives his being outness and relief. The evolution of man is the slow growth of the divine in us from infancy and nonage to kingship and rule. The road is a long one. Man lurks in the lichen and sleeps in the stone. Nature has cunningly wiredrawn him through all her products from flower-bud to planet-bud, from the airy cope to the granite calyx of the globe.

In man the divine impersonal becomes personified. The Psyche is the God-element which, divided from Deity, is yet divine and human. The scale of humanity ranges from atom to archangel; hunger for food is at one pole, and at the other hunger for God. Evolution moving backward

does not leave us in the lap of the monkey, — it traces us to the Infinite arms. The long evolving chain stretches not only from protoplasm to man, but from spirit to spirit. The way we have come hints at the way we are to go. The road behind us begins with the Infinite; vanward it ends only with the Infinite again. God creates Himself in man. Man completes himself in God. Man finds being in God; God attains existence in man. The universe is intelligence infinitely individualized. The creation is a thought discreted from the thinker's mind. It is the separateness of the personal entity or soul from the aggregate of soul in the cosmos. Nature holds the seeds and forms of all life in potency; in this way the primal slime becomes fish, bird, mammal, man; but all this stream of existence flows from the divine life, through every ancestral link, and is God's from end to end. An infinite force from first to last propels the eternal whole. Nature streams perpetually from God; every atom, even of her chaos, is penetrated by an adequate mind; every granule is impeded and winged. Man has been crystallized, metallized, herbed and incarnated. He will be unbeasted, humanized, godded. In his spiritual deeps all gospels lie in germ. Space and matter, irrespective of him, are so flimsy that thought goes through them as if there was nothing there. Time is not heard unless ticking in ourselves.

In the primal medley or chaos, creator and creature, God and man, are mingled and indistinguishable. All things are confusedly blent. It is a potpourri. The entire scope of evolution is to reduce this chaos to order; to lift this mute, melancholy and prostrate universe into human personality. To evolve at length a self-conscious personality is the end in view of the entire process. Thus "the word becomes flesh."

The wiser ancients knew the great law which Darwin has but restated. They knew, for instance, that the psychic outline of man was latent in the horse, and was preparing for evolution. This knowledge they expressed in the myth of the centaurs. It is a parable of evolution. So the mermaid, the siren, the sphynx, are similar parables. Those human-headed gods, with bodies of reptile, fish, bird or beast, are the pictures or object lessons by which the Magi of the East taught the truth of the evolutionary ascent of the germ of man. The Cosmos is God disappearing in material life to emerge as man — God lost in the forest of forms, till found again in the human advent. Nature is the involution of spirit in matter. History is the evolution of the godhead. Each little child, like the holy babe of Bethlehem, intercedes for every person born; for God without and God within are one; the sorrow of the world is the cross of God; the son of man is evolution; and in the feeblest little babe in the

manger of poverty is the Lord from the skies!

Man always was—in God,—but to attain personal existence he had to be "created," that is, distanced from the Creator. So he was wiredrawn through all forms and strained and sifted through a thousand organisms. He is veiled in matter and divided from the Infinite by the whole breadth of the creation, that he may individualize, and by the long climb of evolution gain for his personal being fixity and place. In itself the Psyche is an unbounded force, seeking constant expansion and overflow. The long series of forms through which it ascends, furnish the curbing power that it needs to compress its action into orderly channels, and to endow it at length with self-control. Spirit must mount on the shoulders of matter, for man is a perpetual becoming, and matter is the vehicle of all becoming. Before a seed can grow it must be taken from the shelf and planted in the soil; so nature furnishes the soil for the growth of the soul. Man's spiritual destiny is so sublime, his final blending with the divine so intimate and complete, that he needs all this preliminary experience of mineral, vegetable and animal existence to give him the alphabet of self-consciousness, and to render him at last *solidaire* with God. The Word became flesh that finally the flesh might become the Word, and the glory of the Word which was made flesh, shall be in the flesh of all those who are the servants of the Word.

The Sunday School

A Lincoln Party.

All Souls Sunday School gave its children a Lincoln party on Wednesday last, thus honoring two saints at the one time, St. Valentine and St. Lincoln. An early supper for the children was followed by a delightfully arranged program, consisting of tableaux from the life of Lincoln, alternating with quotations from his own words or from those of his eulogists. The scenes portrayed were of his childhood and early manhood, ranging from his school days to his first speech. All were good, but the applause that followed the effort at poetry-making proved that Tommy had captured the audience by his rendition of

"Abraham Lincoln — his name and pen—

I will be good, but God knows when."

Quotations and anecdotes were given by both classes and guests, that part of Lowell's Commemoration Ode referring to the "First American" being recited in concert by one of the older classes. Reminiscences were given by the few that remembered him, and best of all the pastor drew many sweet and valuable lessons from his life for the inspiration of the children, old and young.

The exercises of the evening came to a close by the singing of a familiar hymn which had for a new and fitting climax the verse already printed in the editorial column of last week.

M.

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Mr. H. Dharmapala, Secretary of the Buddhist Society of Ceylon, writes: "Jenkin Lloyd Jones deserves the thanks of the followers of the gentle teacher of Asia for bringing out in pamphlet form the Life and Teachings of that Savior of humanity to suit the minds of the American student of religion. I recommend it heartily."

M'd Alexander Russell Webb Editor of the *Moslem World*, writes: "I have just finished your most excellent lecture entitled 'Mohammed, the Prophet of Arabia.' It is the fairest and most truthful composition I have seen in the English language not made by a Mohammedan. Your mind has risen above the prejudices that Christians usually entertain towards Islam and its teacher. I congratulate you sincerely on having made a bold and effective stand in favor of truth."

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SUN.—Each soul is its own redeemer.

MON.—Man forever needs aid from man.

TUES.—We get what we give in this life.

WED.—The wiser man shapes into God's plan.

THURS.—The cloudiest night hath a hint of light.

FRI.—Earth has no claim the soul cannot contest.

SAT.—The brute in humanity dwindles.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Contented Jim.

Everything pleased our neighbor Jim,
When it rained

He never complained,
But said wet weather suited him.

"There never is too much rain for me,
And this is something like," said he.

When earth was dry as a powder mill,
He did not sigh

Because it was dry,
But said if he could have his will
It would be his chief supreme delight
To live where the sun shone day and night.

When winter came, with its snow and ice,
He did not scold

Because it was cold,
But said: "Now this is real nice;
If ever from home I'm forced to go,
I'll move up North with the Esquimaux."

A cyclone whirled along its track;
And did him harm—
It broke his arm,

And stripped the coat from off his back;
"And I would give another limb
To see such a blow again," said Jim.

And when at length his years were told,
And his body bent,

And his strength all spent,
And Jim was very weak and old:
"I long have wanted to know," he said,

"How it feels to die"—and Jim was dead.

The Angel of death had summoned him

To heaven, or—well,
I cannot tell;
But I knew that the climate suited Jim;

And cold or hot, it mattered not—
It was to him the long-sought spot.
—O. F. Pearre, in *American Youth*.

Narrow, but Useful.

The good lady was going around
among a lot of poor people distribut-

ing all manner of old clothes, which was gratefully received, when she met a newspaper man looking for a killing case.

"Charity covereth a multitude of sins," he said, sarcastically.

"Well, that isn't what I'm looking for," she responded.

"No?" And he looked surprised.
"No," she said, "my mission is a little narrower than that. We cut it down to charity covereth a multitude of skins."

Crumbs of Truth.

A young girl once heard a bit of wisdom from the lips of a very aged woman—a woman who had rounded the full term of ninety years, and with eyes still bright and clear looked out upon the inrolling waters of eternity. The girl was impressed by the emphasis with which the venerable dame said to her: "Bessie, never insist on having the last word." The determination to have the final word leads to more quarrels and more bitterness of feeling at home than almost anything else in domestic life. The fact is that one may so control her tongue and her eyes that she may allow her opponent the pleasure of this coveted concluding thrust and yet placidly retain her own opinion, and, in the homely colloquial parlance of the up-country, where one finds strong-willed people living together in great peace with the most pronounced diversity of characteristics, "do as she's a mind to."

Another bit of wisdom may be condensed into a pithy sentence. Avoid explanations. In some families nothing is taken for granted. Every action, every decision, every new departure, every acceptance or rejection of an invitation, must be endlessly talked and fussed over, explained, and re-explained. In that way lie all sorts of stumbling-blocks. As a rule, beyond your parents or your husband there is nobody who has the right to demand of you explanations at each step of your onward path. Don't give them. Establish a reputation for keeping your own council. It will serve you well in many a crisis, and be no end of a comfort.

Again, don't be forever setting people right. There is a household fiend with a memory for dates and details who can never sit still and hear papa say that he went down town on Monday, at eight, without correcting the statement with the remark that the hour was half-past. If mamma happens to allude to Cousin Jenny's visit as having occurred last Thursday, this wasplike impersonation of accuracy interposes with the statement that it was Friday, not Thursday, which brought Cousin Jane. A dozen times a day exasperating frictions are caused by needless corrections of this sort, referring to matters where exactness is not really imperative, the affairs in question being unimportant, and no violation of truth being for an instant intended. Silence is golden in

nearly every instance where a defect obtains in the home economy. To abstain from superfluous apologies is also the habit of discretion. There should seldom be the occasion for apology in the household, where all would do well and wisely to be constantly gentle and courteous.

Exchange.

The Poppy Land Limited Express.

The first train starts at 6 p. m.,

For the land where the poppy grows,
The mother dear is the engineer,
And the passenger laughs and crows.

The palace car is the mother's arms,
The whistle, a low sweet strain.
The passenger winks and nods and blinks,
And goes to sleep in the train.

At 8 p. m. the next train starts

For the poppy land afar;
The summons clear falls on the ear,
"All aboard for the sleeping car."

"But what is the fare to poppy land?
I hope it is not dear."

The fare is this, a hug and a kiss,
And 'tis paid to the engineer.

So I ask of Him who children took
On his knee in kindness great,

"Take charge, I pray, of the trains
each day,
That leave between 6 and 8.

"Keep watch o'er the passengers," thus
I pray,

"For to me they are very dear,
And special ward, O gracious Lord,
O'er the gentle engineer."

Selected.



They're going to pieces

both the women
who wash, and
the things that
are washed, in
the old-fashioned
way. That constant
rub, rub,
rub, over the
washboard does
the business.
Rubbing is hard
work. Rubbing

wears out the clothes. There's nothing of the kind, if you'll let **Pearline** do the washing.

All you'll have to do, then, is to look after it. It'll save all this work and rubbing that does so much harm. But, because **Pearline** makes washing easy, you needn't be afraid that it isn't safe. That idea is worn out. Just as your clothes will be, unless you use **Pearline**.

Notes from the field

Philadelphia, Pa.—Report for first six months of the Minster Street Neighborhood Guild. Adopted by the Advisory Board. The work of the Minster Street Neighborhood Guild began July 1, 1893, by securing the premises 618 and 620 Minster street. The house 618 Minster street has been refitted for the residence of the head worker, and Mr. Daniel with his family are now living in it. This house is situated on a narrow lane among the people whom we are trying to benefit. This means continuous work and no retreat and a close contact with the people. Here there is an important element of success—a permanent home. Next door is a small church, the basement of which has been refitted for the use of the children who crowd it every night.

These two properties have been secured by Mrs. Daniel and she gives their use to the Guild without expectation of rent or any emolument. It is expected, however, that taxes, water rent and such ground rents as are standing be met by the Guild and charged to the current expenses of the Guild. Also such repairs as are necessary to keep the building in a fair condition for the use for which it is designed.

Over 250 children have been gathered who meet from time to time for definite work. A few have been formed into a singing class who train for choir singing. Another group has been organized for the cultivation of humane feelings towards dumb creatures and our weaker neighbors. Still another group meets for sewing and the learning of household industries. Another group have calisthenic exercises, while a few boys have formed a class for drilling. A temperance society is also being formed. Quite a number use the library faithfully.

The Guild room is open every week-day evening, and the young people gather for amusement and instruction. This keeps them from the streets, and to many it is the only bright and attractive place they have, and is a refuge outside their narrow and cheerless homes to which they are glad to come.

The amusements are a good in themselves, but the room serves also as a recruiting station from which they are drafted into something else of an educational character.

One important part of our work is to influence the children to attend the neighboring public schools and all institutions already provided for them. It is gratifying to meet the children who now go to school and were influenced to do so through the work of the Guild.

On Sunday night the children gather in the upper part of the church for moral instruction. The room is well filled and the improvement is marked. The children are taught to sing and the lantern aids in imparting instruction.

Progress has been made in sanitary matters. Nuisances have been abolished and street cleaning and the gathering of garbage and ashes have been insisted upon and now there is a tolerable service performed. This had been neglected for months prior to our coming, but began soon after we became co-laborers and co-sufferers with the people of the neighborhood. It is

one of the gratifying results of a family living on the ground.

We have enlisted workers who come each week for specific work. Faithful work has been done by these friends and they have learned to love and grow enthusiastic in the work.

From July 1 to December 31, 1893, there have been sent to Mr. Daniel \$430.55 in response to appeals made in *The Nazarene*. This is the only source of income, as there is no assured support of any character.

Owing to the newness of the work a great deal of this sum had to be spent in securing the proper machinery. A very large portion was spent in relieving laboring men and artisans out of employment who gave their labor in return, and thus was not only distress relieved, but a machinery secured for work among the youth which in turn will do good service for many years to come and will prevent pauperism. The details of the expenditures of this sum of \$430.55 is given in an annexed financial statement.

It might, however, be here stated that of this sum of \$430.55, Mr. Daniel received for the support of his family \$50 in July and \$14.63 in August. The balance went for the ordinary current expenses and the placing of the work in good running order. Mr. Daniel suggested at the outstart that \$50 per month should be set aside for the family use, but so urgent were other matters that this could not be done at this stage of the work. But as the main first cost is now out of the way, the support of the head worker may become possible.

In so brief a report no justice can be done to so varied and in many respects unique a work, but in brief we can report progress and the Guild has come to stay.

Hobart, Ind.—The church here is twenty years old next summer, and is planning to celebrate its twentieth birthday: and it will be a celebration worth attending, if it is carried out with the tact and skill that mark its regular management.

Cleveland, Ohio.—The Unity Club of this city gave its dramatic entertainment very successfully. The Ladies' Societies of Unity Church are actively engaged in discussing and doing philanthropic work for some of the various charitable institutions of the city. Many warm garments have been made by willing fingers for needy women and their little ones.

Cherokee, Iowa.—Miss Safford and Miss Gordon, the indefatigable ministers of Sioux City, who seem to have taken all of this northwestern corner of Iowa for their parish, have been keeping up the work here. In spite of the hard times a valuable lot has been bought and almost wholly paid for, and besides that the money for a modest church has been raised, the material bought, and the work begun. The people hope to get into their own church home by May.

Decorah, Iowa.—The following letter of correction ought to have been printed earlier. The omission was accidental:

DEAR UNITY—In UNITY's notice of the ordination exercises in this place there were two mistakes. One was the omission of the name of Rev. T. B. Forbush, who took part; the other in speaking of the church as a Unitarian church, while really it is an advance guard to the movement you are so nobly working for. We aim to leave *isms* behind, and work for "unity" in its most comprehensive sense, and

I bid you a sincere God-speed in your efforts. Let our banner be broad enough to cover the world. That has been my motto for years. Fraternally,
L. A. WEISER.
Decorah, Iowa.

Humbolt, Iowa.—A musical event of considerable interest has just occurred in this city in the presentation of the cantata, "David, the Shepherd Boy," by Unity Church choir and orchestra. The choir consists of twenty voices and the orchestra of eight pieces. C. H. Brown, Jr., as David; Mrs. Clara Berkhimer Drake, as Abigail; W. W. Sterns, as Saul; Miss Charlie Welch, as Michael; Mrs. D. F. Coyle, as Jonathan, and G. H. Shellenberger, as Samuel, won frequent applause and ably sustained their reputations as accomplished musicians. The choir and orchestra are permanent features of Unity Church, and the society feels a just pride in their efforts.

Miss Safford, of Sioux City, recently preached here, exchanging with Mr. Byrnes, who took her place in the Cherokee and Washta pulpit for the day. She was welcomed back to her old home by an audience which filled the church to the very doors.

Sturgis, Mich.—Last Sunday evening the Unitarian Society here commemorated the birthday of Abraham Lincoln. Short speeches and papers were given presenting Lincoln as the lawyer, the orator, the statesman, the family man and humorist, the philosopher and religious man, and as compared with Washington. Three of the speakers were members of the Presbyterian Church. The church was crowded, many standing the whole evening. Audiences have increased during the winter; also Sunday school.

St. Paul, Minn.—At the close of the service, Sunday, February 11th, a meeting of the society was held at which Mr. Crothers' resignation was accepted and the following expression of regard and regret was adopted:

We wish to express our sorrow at the great personal loss it brings us, and our deep sense of obligation for what he has done during the seven years he has been our pastor. Under his ministrations our society has had a steady and vigorous growth, that gave encouragement for the present and the greatest promise for the future. His influence has strengthened those who were already members of the society, and joined to us many who never before had been attracted to the cause of liberal religion. A number of societies in this and neighboring States owe their existence to his zeal. But greater than the loss of our pastor do we feel to be the loss of the friend who has ever been ready in time of trouble to speak that rare word which alone could comfort, to give counsel and aid to those in need. Nor do we forget how much he has contributed to our social gatherings from his ever ready store of wisdom and humor. It will ever be a satisfaction to us to remember that our relations with Mr. Crothers were only those of mutual cordiality and good-will, and that they have been ended only that he may continue his career in another field of usefulness to which his duty calls him, and to which he takes with him our best wishes and most affectionate God-speed.

The loss to us of the ministry of Mrs. Crothers, supplementing as it does beneficently the pastorate of her husband, will be heart-felt. Our gratitude and love will go with her also to the new field of duty.

Helena, Mont.—In addition to his morning services Mr. Crocker has given a course of "Words to Young People," Sunday evenings: "Some Foundations," "Life Motives," "Success in Life," and "What Religion?" There is in Helena a very well planned associated charities organization at work in the city this winter, in which the Unitarians are actively interested, Mr. Crocker being one of the executive committee.

Sioux Falls, S. Dak.—Mrs. Wilkes, who has gone to Oakland, Cal., to act as Mr. Wendte's assistant, preached here the Sunday before she left. Since then the church has been closed till the 11th, when the Western Secretary held services morning and evening. But the society continues its organization. The Ladies' Unity Circle has held its regular weekly meetings and socials, and the Sunday school has also continued its sessions; and it is hoped that by another year at least the people may find some one to fill this beautiful church every Sunday.

Austin, Tex.—All goes well here. The congregation is increasing steadily in numbers. The record of attendance shows an increase of about fifty per cent. over that of a year ago. Reports of Mr. Wheelock's sermons are published every week. They vary in subject and treatment, but are of uniform excellence. The sermon contributed by him to this number of our paper, it is needless to say, is not such a sermon as gets preached every Sunday. When George MacDonald on his visit to America preached for Dr. Bellows in All Souls Church, New York, some of his hearers said it thundered and others said "an angel spoke to them." Like all original and unusual preaching, Mr. Wheelock's will meet with the same double commentary.—*Southern Unitarian*.

San Francisco, Cal.—One of the most interesting, nay, portentous occasions of the present time is thus described by the *Pacific Unitarian* :—

On Monday evening, Jan. 15, the Clericus, an organization of Episcopal ministers, and the Church Club, composed of laymen, united in a dinner to which were invited the leading local scientists, and clergymen and laymen of other denominations, including Presbyterians, Methodists, Unitarians and Jews. The Occidental Hotel was the scene of the unusual event and about a hundred gentlemen were at table. During the excellent dinner good music floated through the room and airs from "Robin Hood" and other operas fell pleasantly on the happy company. "Evolution" was the subject of discussion and the first speaker was Professor Joseph Le Conte of the University of California, probably the most dearly loved man on the Pacific coast. He spoke with characteristic modesty, yet with firm and confident tones as to the truth of evolution, treating it as no longer a theory but as a law, at least as clearly established as the law of gravitation.

Professor Jordan, of Stanford University, followed in an address of equal positiveness, made especially interesting by his allusion to Agassiz, whose pupil he, as well as Le Conte, had been.

Rev. Dr. Robert Mackenzie, Presbyterian, was the next speaker. He said the church was ready to accept the doctrine of evolution provided that Herbert Spencer's "Unknowable" should be admitted to be God.

President Kellogg, of the University of California, a self-styled conservative, saw no reason for denying the truth of evolution, and did not consider that it was in conflict with religion.

Rabbi Voorsanger spoke forcibly, confessing himself a thorough evolutionist and claiming that religion and science had no connection. They both dealt with truth, but their language was not the same.

Rev. Dr. Stebbins made an eloquent speech, which we print on another page.

Rev. Mr. Miel and Rev. Mr. Foute, of the Episcopal Church, spoke in commendation of the position assumed by the other speakers. Their addresses were tinged with pleasantry and seemed to express the cordial and friendly air that prevailed.

Bishop Nichols and Bishop Goodsell (of the Methodist Church) were present at the dinner, but were obliged to leave before the speaking began, to meet an appointment previously made.

THE PACIFIC UNITARIAN CONFERENCE will be held in San Francisco, April 10, 11, and 12, so as to immediately precede the Midwinter Fair Religious Congress, which is to be held April 16-21.

Sacramento, Ca.—Since our last writing directors for 1894 have been elected as follows: Dr. H. L. Nichols, Dr. C. F. Milliken, C. C. Olney, J. L. Whitbeck, W. C. Fitch, Henry Burnham, F. F. Thomson.

The report of the treasurer showed that over \$1,700 had been raised to defray expenses during the year 1893, and that almost enough subscriptions had been secured to carry the society through the year 1894.

Early in January Rabbi Elzas preached for Mr. Horner, and was liked very much by our people. The fraternal relations established between the Unitarian and Hebrew congregations while Rabbi Levy was here are continued under Rabbi Elzas, late of Toronto.

The Woman's Society, organized early in January, gave its first supper January 27th, netting a profit of over \$15.

Mr. Horner preached a sermon on "Eternal Punishment," January 21st, which was published in part in the *Record-Union*. The arguments used by Mr. Horner seemed very offensive to many of the admirers of that ancient doctrine, and immediately a lengthy criticism came out signed by the Lutheran minister, the spirit of which was its own condemnation. He said: "There is nothing 'horrible' in the doctrine which is upheld by the word of God to the Christian believer. * * Others may fear it, and consider it 'horrible,' but never the Christian." Mr. Horner continued the subject last Sunday evening, and again it was published in the *Record-Union*. In the sermon Mr. Horner said: "If reason outside of the Christian pale would not blaspheme God by making him the author of eternal woe to the great majority of the children of men, and inside of that pale does make it both reasonable and just, then God deliver me from Christianity!"

—*Pacific Unitarian*.

Pasadena, Cal.—Rev. Dr. Conger is improving in health, but is hardly able to resume his pastoral duties yet. Meanwhile Miss Kollock is carrying on the earnest work of the large parish with admirable success. Rev. C. W. Wendte, in the February *Pacific Unitarian*, is authority for the statement that "the society has adopted the following condition of membership: 'Any person of good character interested in the welfare of this church may become a member by signing its by-laws'—than which, he adds, no broader platform can be desired.

Pomona, Cal.—The Women's Parliament of Southern California held its fourth session in Pomona, January 30 and 31. The topics were—1, Education: The Kindergarten and the High School. 2, The Poverty Problem. 3, Occupations for women. 4, The Home.

Santa Barbara, Cal.—Rev. F. L. Hosmer, who has been spending part of the winter in California and has recently been in Redlands and San Diego, preached here on the 8th and 15th.

San Diego, Cal.—Rev. J. Frederic Dutton's congregations have averaged 150 and are increasing, and it is hoped that he will become the regular pastor of the society. During Superintendent Wendte's visit to the city \$329.00, a deferred payment on its debt to the Unitarian Loan Fund, was raised,—the Pacific Unitarian Conference contributing \$100.00. We would repeat that

San Diego is a very important station for the cultivation and propagation of liberal religious thought, and if any of our readers can give at all, they could not well give in a better religious cause than that of extricating the San Diego society from its depressing burden of debt. San Diego is a city with a future; as Rev. Mr. Dutton puts it, its church is "next to heaven;" and it has an excellent church plant; but the collapse of one of the mischievous booms that curse our fast growing towns has left the society with debts that are almost more than it can struggle along under, and although its position is better than it was a year ago, there is still room to do much for it.

Worcester (Mass.) Conference.—The twenty-seventh annual meeting was held with the Church of the Unity, Worcester, Wednesday evening and Thursday, January 24 and 25. The conference opened with a sermon by Rev. Minot J. Savage, on "Religion in the Light of Modern Thought." He had the closest attention of the large audience that filled the church, for over an hour. It was a sermon of great breadth, simplicity, beauty, and power. Never perhaps did the speaker rise to greater heights, and never was he listened to with more sympathy and delight. Twice he was heartily applauded. It seemed to some as if Mr. Savage ought to be released from his parish part of every year, and sent forth to proclaim the great message throughout the land.

The sessions of the conference on Thursday opened with a devotional meeting, which was conducted by Rev. George S. Ball. The addresses that followed during the day were upon "The World's Parliament of Religions." The first address was by Rev. William S. Heywood, who brought out in strong relief the chief points of this most significant gathering.

Rev. Grindall Reynolds, Secretary of the American Unitarian Association, spoke particularly of the necessity of sustaining our own work, and emphasized the fact that the Parliament made it more than ever evident how necessary our position is. It was one of his very best addresses, and made a deep impression.

In the afternoon Dr. G. Stanley Hall, president of Clark University, was the first speaker. He spoke from the point of view of education. First, the Congress suggested a more rational and pedagogic basis for missionary work. The method of conquest should yield to that of growth and sympathy. A good pedagogic missionary should not only know, but ally himself with the best forces to be found in other faiths, and might begin by making men better Mohammedans, Buddhists, etc., and then go on to build on that foundation. It never was so clear that missionaries should be trained in comparative religions. Christianity must make its conquests, as it did in the presence of Paganism, by incorporating what is best in that which it would overcome, and by learning, if it can, temperance from Mohammedans, civil virtue from Confucians, and mildness from Buddhists. Secondly, the congress reveals still more closely the new situation, too little realized, in which Christianity finds itself. People are crowding and mixing in the world as never before. Creeds and races hitherto isolated are becoming comparative in every sense. The chief ethnic Bibles are accessi-

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Publisher's Notes

Mozoomdar's Book

The Oriental Christ. By PROTAP CHUNDER MOZOOMDAR. 193 pages. Cloth, \$1.25.

The "idea" in this remarkable book may be best briefly stated by combining a saying of Keshub Chunder Sen, the Brahmo leader, with a sentence or two from the author's Introduction: "Was not Jesus Christ an Asiatic? He and his disciples were Asiatics, and all the agencies primarily employed for the propagation of the gospel were Asiatic. In fact, Christianity was founded and developed by Asiatics in Asia. . . . Yet the Christ that has been brought to us in India is an Englishman, with English manners and customs about him and with the temper and spirit of an Englishman in him. Hence it is that the Hindu people shrink back. . . . Go to the rising sun in the East, not to the setting sun in the West, if you wish to see Christ in the plenitude of his glory and in the fullness and freshness of the primitive dispensation. In England and Europe we find apostolical Christianity almost gone; there we find the life of Christ formulated into lifeless forms and antiquated symbols. . . . Look at this picture and that: this is the Christ of the East, and that of the West. When we speak of the Western Christ, we speak of the incarnation of theology, formalism, ethical and physical force. When we speak of an Eastern Christ, we speak of the incarnation of unbounded love and grace."

Thirteen Chapters, viz., *The Bathing, Fasting, Praying, Teaching, Rebuking, Weeping, Pilgrimage, Trusting, Healing, Feasting, Parting, Dying, and Reigning Christ.*

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It is a stroke of genius. It contains a whole philosophy of Christianity. Jesus was an Oriental. He is only to be rightly interpreted by the Oriental mind. This fascinating book comes as a revelation of essential Christianity.—*The Critic.*

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ble. Science is drawing in her lines in the study of man. A new reverence is felt for all nature. Psychology is finding new and deeper truths in Christianity, and seems big with a new revelation for conscience, mind, heart and will. The Higher Criticism reconciles large areas of the highest culture and scholarship with Christianity. A greater Christendom already seems to loom before us. Thirdly, the Congress has brought out in clear perspective, like a composite photograph, certain great common traits: first, the strength and universality of the religious impulse, from the mere *sensus numinis* of lower faiths, the love of nature, the awe of the forest, seas, mountains, storms, up to the highest sense of the unity of the soul with God; second, the universality of a belief in an All-Father of love and good will, as well as of law. How rare atheism really is, and how, when it exists, it is a product of bad pedagogy. Men thought they conferred honor upon God by demonstrating his existence instead of leaving it to the dim and all-controlling region of feeling and faith. Again, the brotherhood of man seems more real and less dreamy. If progress in history is measured by progress in toleration, how great the progress of those seventeen days! So, again, morals as the best fruit of a religious life was emphasized with a unanimity which was revolutionary to those who were reared in an atmosphere where "works" were subordinate to faith. Perhaps a higher virtue and a higher ethics are waiting to be evolved. If there is to be a higher cosmic faith toward which all others tend, it will not come by selections from ethnic Bibles, but only by new and higher thought and life, up to the very top of our own faith. Then and there the particular faith will open into the large, universal, cosmic faith. It steadies the nerves a little in some moods to feel that, if our bark sink, it is to another sea.

The last address was delivered by Rev. James C. Duncan, who set forth the meaning of the Parliament in a very strong and clear way. It has refuted the charge of materialism: it has put an end to all heresy-hunting, and heralds the day of international understanding and of universal faith.

The discussions of the day were all on a high plane, and, together with the sermon, made a notable meeting of the conference.

The President, Hon. E. B. Stoddard, after having served seven years, and the Secretary, Rev. Austin S. Garver, after a service of ten years, both begged to be relieved of further official duty, and appreciative resolutions, expressing the thanks of the conference, were passed. The officers elected for the ensuing year are the following: President, Charles H. Blood, Fitchburg; Vice Presidents, Rev. George S. Ball, Upton, Mr. John C. Otis, Worcester; Secretary, Rev. James C. Duncan, Clinton; Treasurer, Mr. Edward F. Tolman, Worcester. Directors: Jonathan Smith, Esq., Clinton; Mrs. J. L. Stone, Marlboro; Mrs. W. S. Heywood, Sterling; H. E. Sweet, Uxbridge; Rev. A. F. Bailey, Barre; Rev. W. F. Greenman, Fitchburg.

The attendance at the meetings was very large from first to last. The hospitality of the Church of the Unity

was unbounded, and was acknowledged by a hearty vote of thanks.—*Christian Register*

CLEARANCE SALE OF BOOKS

Our January inventory shows a large stock of books on hand, which we must clear out within a few weeks to make room for new publications. The net prices quoted here apply to UNITY readers only, and are subject to no discount whatever. The books are in good condition unless otherwise stated. Most of the editions are nearly exhausted, and many of the books will be difficult to obtain after the present stock has been sold.

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The Last Tenet Imposed Upon the Khan of Tomathoz. By Hudor Genone. Written before the Parliament of Religions, but of decided interest to every one who was there. Cloth, retail, \$1.25; net, 67 cents; by mail, 75 cents. Paper, retail, 50 cents; net, 20 cents; postpaid. A few soiled copies at 14 cents, postpaid.

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The bracketed words in the list below indicate the special fellowship with which the societies have been identified; but for all local, ethical and spiritual purposes the words are growing less and less in importance, when used to differentiate the one from the other. The pastors and societies named below have a growing sense of community of work and interest, viz.: The liberation of the human mind from superstition and bigotry, the consecration of the life that now is, and the ennobling of our city, our country and the world.

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UNITY CHURCH (Unitarian), corner of Dearborn avenue and Walton place.

ZION CONGREGATION (Jewish), corner Washington boulevard and Union Park. Joseph Stoltz, Minister.

AT ALL SOULS CHURCH the pastor will speak at 11 a. m., on "The Contributions of Science to Religion," and at 8 p. m., Mr. V. R. Ghandi, A. B., will speak on "Essential Philosophy of Hinduism, Buddhism and Jainism."

SOCIETY FOR ETHICAL CULTURE. Mr. M. M. Mangasarian will lecture at the Grand Opera House, Sunday, at 11 a. m., on "John Milton." The Ethical School meets Sundays at 10, at 309 Masonic Temple.

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